

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN



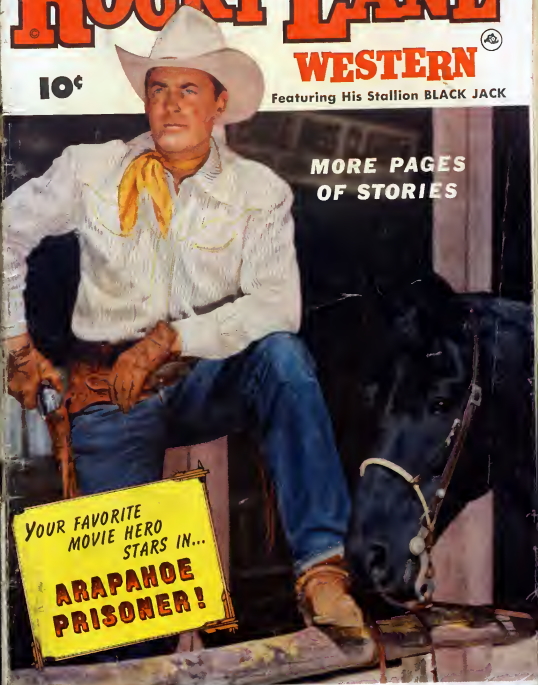
10¢

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

**MORE PAGES
OF STORIES**

YOUR FAVORITE
MOVIE HERO
STARS IN...

**ARAPAHOE
PRISONER!**





TRAIL DETECTIVE

By Clement Good



THE STAGE was making good time on the lonely stretch between Riverside and Arrowhead. Cap Wesley, the driver, had just remarked to the guard beside him, "At this rate we'll make Arrowhead a good fifteen-twenty minutes ahead of schedule!" The coach rocked and the springs squeaked as they rounded a bend.

And suddenly Cap was hauling on the break, tugging on the reins and bellowing "Whoah!" at the top of his voice. The lead horses reared to a halt just short of the tree that had been felled across the narrow road.

The unexpected braking had thrown the guard forward and off balance so that he nearly toppled from the box. He did manage to hang onto his gun, but he was in no position to use it when the taller of the three masked men yelled, "Reach! This is a stickup!"

Cap and the guard obeyed. "Throw down the money," ordered the tall bandit.

Cap lifted a small chest that had been riding behind him and tossed it to the ground. "Pick it up, Shorty," ordered the tall bandit. One of the men dismounted, picked up the box and clambered back on his horse while the other two kept the stage covered. Then the three-some rode off, heading for the hills.

Bud Snavelly, secretary to Colonel Sherman, was at his desk in the outer office when the red-thatched stranger walked in.

"Howdy," said the stranger, grinning. "My name's Maxwell. Colonel Sherman sent for me."

"Are you Red Maxwell, the famous trail

detective?"

Maxwell chuckled. "Don't know about the famous part, but that's my handle and that's my business!"

"You're too modest," said Ben. "Your name strikes terror into every outlaw in the West. I'll tell Colonel Sherman you're here."

A moment later, Red Maxwell was ushered into the private office where he shook hands with Colonel Sherman, a white-haired man who wore a neatly trimmed goatee. "As owner of this stage line, I've just got to do something about these holdups," said the Colonel. "Yesterday was the fifth one in a matter of weeks and each time they got enough greenbacks to paper a ballroom!"

"Sounds like they know when your shipping money," observed the detective.

"You're dang tootin' they know," retorted the Colonel. "Somebody on the inside is giving them the tip-off all right."

"Suspect anyone in particular?"

"Hang it, I've got so I suspect dang near everybody. Naturally, we don't advertise that we're going to carry a bundle of loot on a certain run. But there's more'n a dozen people bound to know about it. Any one of them could be in cahoots with the robbers. Could be a driver, a guard, somebody at the bank, somebody in my office . . . Why it even could be me!"

"Is it?" asked Red, with a grin.

"No! I half wish it was. Then I'd get at least part of my money back."

"Well, that narrows the field a little," said

(Continued on inside back cover)



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
V. A. PROVVISERO

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in
ARAPAHOE PRISONER

WAIT, BERRY!
DON'T SHOOT!

ARRY CAPTAIN JIM BERRY HATED THE ARAPAHOS WITH A CRUEL, RELENTLESS PASSION! ALL HE LONGED FOR WAS THE DAY HE WOULD LEAD HIS BLUE-COATED TROOPERS AGAINST THEM! PENNANTS FLYING AND GUNS THUNDERING! SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE KNEW THAT TO AVOID STARK TRAGEDY AND KEEP PEACE IN THE FRONTIER COUNTRY, HE HAD TO DISCOVER WHAT WAS EATING AT JIM BERRY'S HEART! HE HAD TO LEARN THE SECRET OF THE PRISONER OF THE ARAPAHOS...

LIFEBLOOD OF THE PRAIRIE INDIANS WERE THE BUFFALO HERDS THAT BLANKETED THE LAND... UNTIL THE WHITE MAN CAME!

THERE THEY ARE! AFTER 'EM, BOYS!

WATCH THIS SHOOTING!

AND THIS!

Slicker than BUFFALO BILL AT HIS BEST! NICE GOING, GENTS! WE'LL SOON HAVE PLENTY OF STEAKS TO TAKE BACK TO FORT DANVILLE!

BANG! BANG!

BUT SUDDENLY! WHAT'S UP, STRANGER?

HOLD ON, MEN!

I'M ROCKY LANE! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THE WHITE FOLKS IN THIS TERRITORY HAVE MADE AN AGREEMENT WITH THE ARAPAHOS NOT TO SHOOT BUFFALO ANY MORE? THEY DEPEND ON THE CRITTERS FOR FOOD ---AND THEY'LL RAISE A RUCKUS IF THEY FIND YOU'RE GUNNING THEM DOWN!



WE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, ROCKY! BUT WE'RE ACTING UNDER CAPTAIN JIM BERRY'S ORDERS!



THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'D BETTER RIDE IN TO FORT DANVILLE AND TALK TO HIM!

CAPTAIN JIM BERRY, EH? HE MUST BE THE NEW POST COMMANDER! SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD THAT HE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST INDIANS! WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT...



LEAVE THE ARMY POST...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, LANE?

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN BERRY! DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR MEN ARE KILLING THE BUFFALO IN THESE PARTS ---SHOOTING THEM DOWN WHOLESALE?



OF COURSE I KNEW IT! IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE FOR US TO SHIP IN BEEF SO I ORDER THEM TO KILL BUFFALO!



BUT THERE'S BEEN AN UNOFFICIAL TREATY IN THESE PARTS FOR YEARS! WE'VE PROMISED THE ARAPAHOS THAT WE WOULDN'T SHOOT BUFFALO!

INDIANS! BAH! LISTEN TO ME, LANE! I WAS SENT TO THIS POST TO ROUND UP THE HURLEY RAIDERS ---A BUNCH OF LOCO OUTLAWS WHO'VE BEEN PLAYING HOB, SOUTH OF HERE! THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! AND IF ANY FOOL INDIANS GET ROUGH...



...I'LL WIPE THEM OUT! ALL OF THEM! BRAVES, SQUAWS AND PAPOOSES! I'LL SACK AND BURN THEIR VILLAGES...AND THERE'LL BE NONE LEFT!

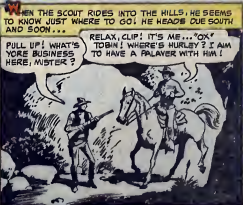
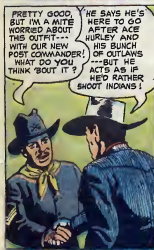


YOU SURE HATE THEM, DON'T YOU, CAPTAIN? WHY?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, LANE! BESIDES, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL MIGHT! HOW ABOUT IT, TOBIN?



ROCKY HAS HEARD OF THE WILD INDIAN SCOUT, 'OX' TOBIN! SURELY HE WOULD KNOW THE DANGER!



BY A HIDDEN CAMPFIRE, ACE HURLEY, RUTHLESS FRONTIER OUTLAW, WAITS!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE BEFORE THIS, TOBIN!

I COULDN'T GET HERE SOONER, ACE! BUT I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS!



CAPTAIN JIM BERRY, THE NEW COMMANDER OF FORT DAVILLE, HAS IT IN FOR THE ARAPAHOS! SEEMS HIS SISTER WAS ABDUCTED BY INDIANS YEARS AGO WHEN THEY WERE KIDS, AND HE HATES THEM ALL! WELL, I AM TO STIR UP A FRACAS WITH THE INJUNS WHO'LL AMBUSH PERRY AND HIS TROOPERS!



RIGHT! AND ME AND THE BOYS CAN MOVE IN ON THE SILVER, CRESCENT MINE!



NEXT DAY, ROCKY LANE RIDES OUT...

IF I KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR TROUBLE BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND BERRY'S MEN, MAYBE I CAN STOP IT BEFORE IT HAPPENS!



OH, OH! SHOTS OVER THAT RISE! SOUNDS LIKE BUFFALO GUNS!



IT'S THE TROOPERS ALL RIGHT! SERGEANT COSTA IS WITH THEM ---AND SO IS "OK." TOBIN! RECKON I'LL HANG BACK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

BANG! BANG!



LET'S GO TO WORK!

HOLD ON! LOOK---THREE ARAPAHOS! THEY'RE RIDING TOWARD US!



STOP! YOU MUST NOT KILL BUFFALO! IT IS AGAINST THE TREATY OF OUR PEOPLES! YOU HAVE SWORN---





BUT THERE IS A DRUMMING OF HOOFES; AND THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, APPEARS!

STOP IT, ALL OF YOU! I'LL GUN THE FIRST MAN, WHITE OR RED, WHO MAKES A MOVE!

IT'S ROCKY LANE! BETTER DO AS HE SAYS! HE'S LIGHTNING FAST!



NOW! YOU TROOPERS, SADDLE UP AND HEAD BACK TO THE FORT! GET COSTA TO A DOCTOR AND DO IT FAST!

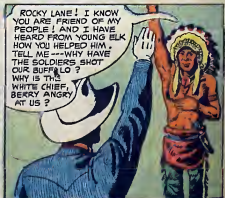
WE'LL DO IT, ROCKY ---AND WE'LL MAKE OUR REPORT TO CAPTAIN BERRY, TOO!

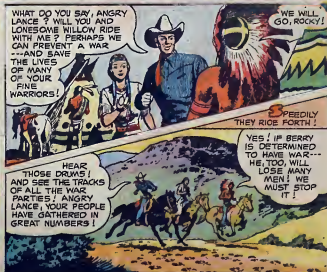
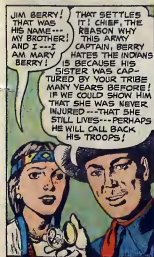
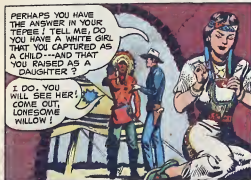


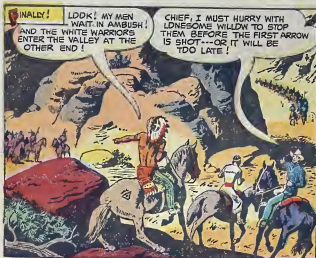
YOUNG ELK! LET ME TREAT YOUR WOUNDS!

NO! I AM ALL RIGHT, ROCKY LANE, BUT IF YOU HAD NOT INTERFERED, THE TROOPERS WOULD HAVE SHOT US ALL! HERE! I WILL GIVE YOU THIS GOOD LUCK CHARM---A WOVEN BELT OF BEADS --- IN THANKS!









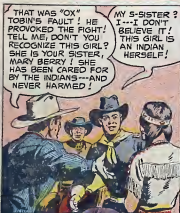
FINALLY!

LOOK! MY MEN
WAIT IN AMBUSH!
AND THE WHITE WARRIORS
ENTER THE VALLEY AT THE
OTHER END!

CHIEF, I MUST HURRY WITH
LDNESOME WILDON TO STOP
THEM BEFORE THE FIRST ARROW
IS SHOT---OR IT WILL BE
TOO LATE!

CAPTAIN BERRY!
ORDER YOUR
MEN TO STOP!
THEY'RE
RIDING INTO
AN AMBUSH...

FOOLISH TALK!
WE'VE GOT TO
PUNISH THESE
ARAPACHOS FOR
ATTACKING MY
MEN AND
WOUNDING SER-
GEANT COSTA!



THAT WAS "OX"
TOBIN'S FAULT! HE
PROVOKED THE FIGHT!
TELL ME, DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE THIS GIRL?
SHE IS YOUR SISTER,
MARY BERRY! SHE
HAS BEEN CARED FOR
BY THE INDIANS---AND
NEVER HARMED!

MY S-SISTER?
I---I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
THIS GIRL IS
AN INDIAN
HERSELF!

LOOK AT
THIS LOCKET!
DO YOU
RECOGNIZE---
YOURSELF?

I---I---
IT'S TRUE!
I HAVE
ANOTHER
COPY OF
THIS! MY
SISTER MARY,
STILL ALIVE
AND WELL!!



ANGRY LANCE IS BROUGHT DOWN,
AND HE AND THE ARMY CAPTAIN
CLASP HANDS FIRMLY, IN
FRIENDSHIP!

CHIEF, I DON'T
UNDERSTAND ALL
THIS YET---BUT I
DO KNOW THAT "OX"
TOBIN, MY SCOUT,
TRIED TO GOAD ME
INTO A WAR WITH
YOUR PEOPLE!

WAIT, BERRY! A
MESSENGER'S
JUST RIDDEN
UP! HE
SAYS HE'S
FROM THE
SILVER
CRESCENT
MINE!

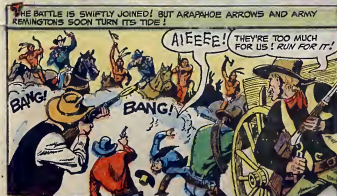
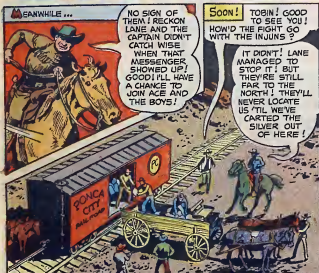
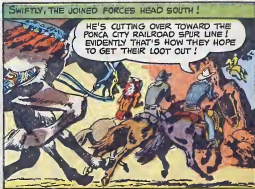


TH' MINE! IT WAS ATTACKED
AND ROBBED, SIR, BY ACE
HURLEY AND HIS RAIDERS!
THEY RODE OFF WITH
MORE THAN A MILLION
DOLLARS IN LOOT!

AND LDDK!
THERE GOES
TOBIN!
EVIDENTLY
HE DIDN'T
WANT TO
BE AROUND
WHEN YOU
GOT THE
NEWS!

NOW I UNDERSTAND!
HE TRIED TO INVOLVE
ME IN A LOSING WAR
WITH THE ARAPACHOS SO
ACE HURLEY WOULD HAVE
A FREE HAND IN ROBBING
THE SILVER CRESCENT!
HE PROBABLY WAS IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
OUTLAWS ALL ALONG!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Extra! Extra! EXTRA!

**YOU...
CAN GET
"ROCKY'S"**



**PHOTOGRAPH WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!**

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

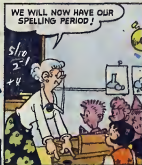
Enclose this coupon and 25c for one LARGE photo (not a drawing but an actual photograph) of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

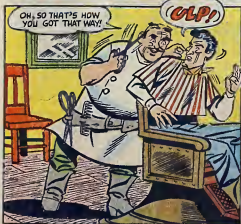
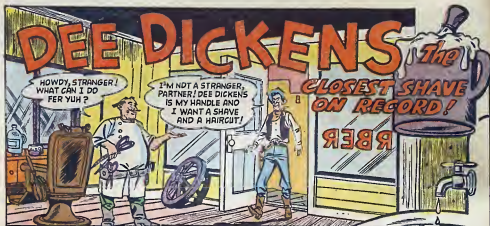
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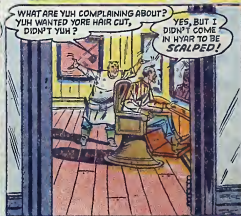
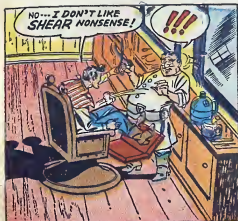
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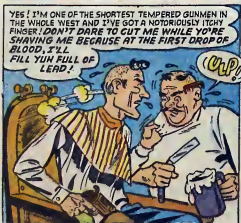
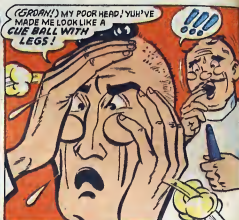
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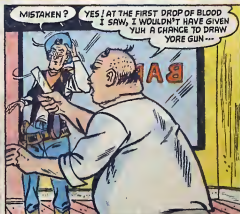
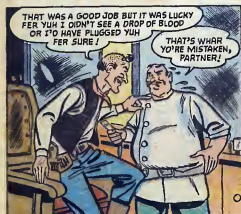
(If you want 5 LARGE pictures of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$1.00. Address: ROCKY LANE, 4024 North Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.)











REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in **THE ALIBI**



IS YORE HANDLE
ROCKY LANE ?

THAT'S MY
NAME !



WELL, MY NAME'S HECKLEY AND I NEED HELP !
AS I WAS LEAVING THE SALOON JUST A SHORT
WHILE AGO, I OVERHEARD TWO HOMBRES IN THE
ALLEY PLANNING
TO KILL ME !

WHY DID YOU COME TO ME ?
WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO
THE SHERIFF ?



THE TROUBLE IS, LANE, I DIDN'T SEE WHO THE
HOMBRES WERE SO IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD
GOING TO THE SHERIFF ! I CAN'T EXPECT HIM
TO DROP ALL HIS OTHER WORK JUST TO ACT AS
MY PERSONAL BODYGUARD ! I CAME TO YUH
BECAUSE IF ANYBODY COULD HELP ME,
YOU COULD !



IF YUH'LL FOLLOW
THE MAIN ROAD
OUT OF TOWN AND
TAKE THE FIRST

YOU JUST
HIRED
YOURSELF
A BODYGUARD,
HECKLEY !
JUST TELL
ME WHERE
YOU LIVE AND
I'LL BE OUT
THERE BY
SUNDOWN !

TURN TO THE LEFT,
YUH'LL RIDE SMACK
INTO MY CABIN !
IT'S THE ONLY ONE
THAR ! I'LL BE WAIT-
ING FER YUH---AND
I CAN'T TELL YUH
HOW MUCH I APPRE-
CIATE YORE DOING
THIS FER ME !

WHAT
IS IT
YOU
WANT
ME TO
DO ?

DURING THE DAY I CAN
LOOK OUT FER MYSELF,
BUT IT'S THE NIGHTS
THAT HAVE ME WORRIED !
I'D LIKE YUH TO WATCH
OVER ME WHILE I TRY
TO GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE !



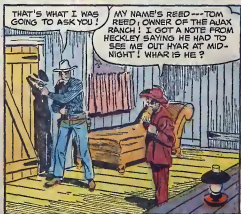
THAT NIGHT...

HEARING YORE
OWN MURDER
BEING PLANNED IS NO PLEASANT
THING ! I'VE BEEN AS JUMPY AS A
CAT EVER SINCE SO I WENT TO THE
LOCAL DOCTOR AND HE GAVE ME
SLEEPING TABLETS ! NOW THAT
YORE HYAR, I'M GOING TO TAKE IT !
BUT REMEMBER, THE DOCTOR LEFT
STRICT ORDERS I'M NOT TO BE
AWAKENED FER ANY REASON UNTIL
THE PILL WEARS OFF
AND I WAKE UP BY
MYSELF !

DON'T WORRY,
HECKLEY, NO ONE
WILL DISTURB
YOUR SLUMBER
UNLESS---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





SOMEONE THREATENED HECKLEY'S LIFE AND UNTIL I'M SURE HE REALLY DID SEND YOU A NOTE TO COME HERE, YOU'RE UNDER SUSPICION!



AND LATER, WHEN HECKLEY WAKES UP...

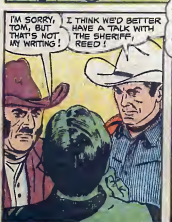
YAWN! THAT'S THE FIRST GOOD SLEEP I'VE HAD IN DAYS--- TOM REED! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HYAR?

WHAT DO YUH MEAN WHAT AM I DOING HYAR? YUH SENT FER ME!



SENT FER YUH? BUT I NEVER DID, TOM!

THEN WHAT ABOUT THIS NOTE?



I'M SORRY, TOM, BUT THAT'S NOT MY WRITING!

I THINK WE'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH THE SHERIFF, REED!

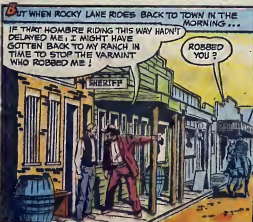
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, ROCKY! I KNOW TOM REED FER A LONG TIME AND I'M POSITIVE HE WOULDN'T WANT TO KILL ME! BESIDES, I WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED HIS VOICE IF HE WAS ONE OF THOSE HOMBRES I OVER-HEARD IN THE ALLEY!

I HOPE THAT SATISFIES YUH! NOW CAN I GO?



I RECKON SO, REED! BUT I MUST ADMIT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME WHY ANYONE SHOULD SEND YOU A NOTE TELLING YOU TO COME TO HECKLEY'S CABIN AT MIDNIGHT!

WELL IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME EITHER!



BUT WHEN ROCKY LANE RIDES BACK TO TOWN IN THE MORNING... IF THAT HOMBRE RIDING THIS WAY HADN'T DELAYED ME, I MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN BACK TO MY RANCH IN TIME TO STOP THE VARMIN'T WHO ROBBED ME!

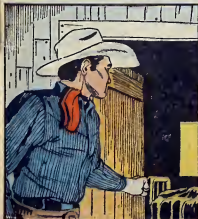
ROBBED YOU?

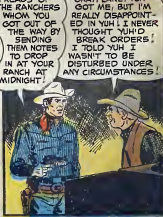


THAT'S RIGHT! WHOEVER SENT ME THAT NOTE DID IT TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY! IF YUH WEREN'T WITH HECKLEY AT THE TIME, LANE, I WOULD SWEAR HE DID THE JOB!

I'M SORRY, REED! HECKLEY ASKED ME TO WATCH OVER HIM AND I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB! BUT IF I CAN BE OF ANY HELP RUNNING DOWN THE HOMBRES WHO ROBBED YOU, JUST LET ME KNOW! I'M STAYING AT THE LOCAL HOTEL!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROPING 'N' RIDING

With

Rocky LANE
AND BLACK JACK



HOWDY, PARTNERS:

I SAW SOMETHING THE OTHER DAY THAT MADE ME GOOD AND ANGRY---SOME BOYS WERE PICKING ON ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS BECAUSE HE WAS THE SHORTEST AND SKINNIEST FELLOW IN THE GROUP. I KNOW ALL YOU PARDS OF MINE WOULDN'T DO THAT.

NOT ALL OF US GROW UP TO BE HUSKY SIX-FOOTERS! BUT EVERYONE HAS SOME ABILITY IN WHICH HE'S A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE OTHERS---AND THAT ABILITY SHOULD BE DEVELOPED. ALBERT EINSTEIN NEVER TOSSED A FOOTBALL FIFTY YARDS, BUT HE DEVELOPED HIS MATHEMATICAL ABILITY SO KEENLY THAT HIS FORMULA TOSSED JAPAN OUT OF THE LAST WAR---IT HELPED CREATE THE A-BOMB. NAPOLEON WASN'T MUCH OVER FIVE FEET, BUT IT DIDN'T PREVENT HIM FROM BEING ONE OF THE GREATEST GENERALS OF ALL TIMES. MAHATMA GANDHI WEIGHED LESS THAN A HUNDRED POUNDS, BUT HIS INFLUENCE WAS SO GREAT THAT HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN RALLIED BEHIND HIS DRIVE FOR INDIA'S INDEPENDENCE.

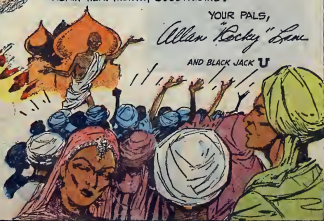
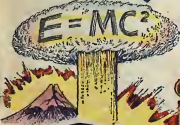
NEVER PICK ON THE SHORT FELLOW, PARDS, BECAUSE YOU'RE TALLER OR PUSH THE THIN BOY AROUND BECAUSE YOU ARE HUSKIER. DEVELOP YOURSELF TO THE FULLEST OF YOUR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CAPACITIES, BUT IF YOU'RE BIGGER THAN THE OTHER FELLOW, BE MAN ENOUGH TO WELCOME HIM INTO THE GROUP AS AN EQUAL. YOU MAY BE SHORT OR TALL---BUT YOU ALL POSSESS SOME SPECIAL ABILITY AND ARE JUDGED ON THAT.

WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. TILL WE MEET HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH, GOOD RIDING.

YOUR PAL,

Allen "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK U



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in **MURDER**
and
MARRIAGE

POW! BAM!
SOCK!

SOCK THE
POLECAT!

LET ME AT HIM!
I'LL PISTOL WHIP
HIM!

HUH! THAT
RUCKUS SOUNDS
AS IF SOMEONE IS
GETTING MURDERED
NEXT DOOR!

LATE ONE NIGHT, ROCKY LANE,
SECRET MARSHAL, IS AWAKENED
FROM A DEEP SLEEP BY
VIOLENT NOISES.

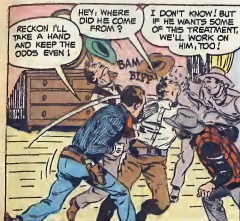
THE NOISE IS COMING FROM
HERE! RECKON I'LL LOOK IN
AND SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON!

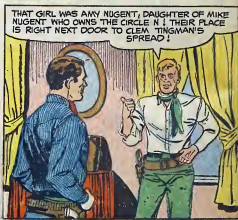
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT IT
SURE SEEMS THAT YOUNG FELLOW
ISN'T GETTING AN EVEN BREAK!

THIS IS YORE
LAST WARNING!
YOU LEAVE TOWN BY
SUNRISE OR WE'LL
COME BACK AND
KILL YOU!

SOCK!
BAM!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





THE NEXT DAY AT THE CIRCLE N ...

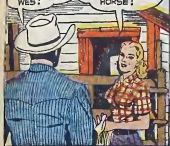
...SO AS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, ANY, I FEEL I CAN ASK YOU ABOUT THIS FELLOW, WES!

WELL, I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO HIM! YOU KNOW HE SAVED ME WHEN I LOST CONTROL OF MY HORSE!

I KNOW YOU'RE AN EXPERT RIDER, ANY! HOW COME YOU LOST CONTROL?

ALL RIGHT, ROCKY, YOU'VE FOUND ME OUT. I ADMIT I FAKED THE RUN-AWAY NEAR WES! THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD ARRANGE TO MEET HIM!

AND EVERYTHING WES TOLD YOU IS TRUE! DAD HAS ALWAYS EXPECTED THAT I WOULD MARRY OUR NEIGHBOR, CLEM! I KNOW IT WILL BREAK HIS HEART IF I DON'T FOR DAD HAS ALWAYS DREAMED OF UNITING THE TWO RANCHES!



BUT I LOVE WES! ROCKY, I'M IN A GUANOY! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

YOU LEAVE IT TO ME, ANY! I'LL TALK TO YOUR FATHER AND MAYBE WE CAN STRAIGHTEN IT OUT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE DOUBLE BAR Z ...

YOU STUPID, CLUMSY FOOL! I GIVE YOU ONE JOB TO DO AND YOU FAIL ME!

BUT, BOSS, THIS STRANGER BARGED IN AND HE FOUGHT LIKE A PASSEL OF WILDCATS!



NO EXCUSES! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS WES HOMBRE DISAPPEAR AND WE'VE GOT TO DO IT FAST!

GOSH, BOSS, WE CAN DO IT! GIVE US ANOTHER WEEK AND WE'LL HAVE HIM HIGH-TAILING---



WE HAVEN'T GOT THAT MUCH TIME! THE NOTES ON MY SPREAD COME DUE NEXT WEEK AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY THE INTEREST! MY ONLY WAY OUT IS TO MARRY ANY AND COMBINE THE TWO RANCHES!



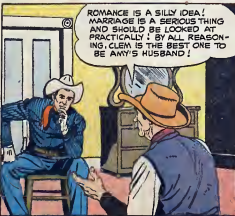
ONCE WE'RE MARRIED I'LL BE ABLE TO DROP THIS POSE OF BEING A MILO-MANNERED GUY AND I'LL SHOW MIKE NUGENT WHO IS GOING TO BE BOSS! I'LL CONTROL BOTH SPREADS!



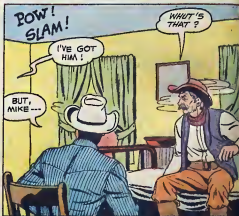
YOU GET THE BOYS TOGETHER AND WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN TONIGHT! THIS TIME I'M GOING, TOO, AND I'LL MAKE SURE WES IS OUT OF THE WAY--- IF I HAVE TO KILL HIM MYSELF!



WHAT NIGHT... I ASKED YOU TO MEET ME IN MY ROOM, MIKE, BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT AMY TO HEAR US! MIKE, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING BY INTERFERING IN YOUR DAUGHTER'S ROMANCE?



ROMANCE IS A SILLY IDEA! MARRIAGE IS A SERIOUS THING AND SHOULD BE LOOKED AT PRACTICALLY! BY ALL REASONING, CLEM IS THE BEST ONE TO BE AMY'S HUSBAND!



POW! SLAM!

I'VE GOT HIM!

BUT, MIKE---

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU WOULDN'T TAKE A WARNING, NOW WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU GO!

IT SOUNDS AS IF THOSE POLECATS ARE WORKING OVER WES AGAIN!

BAM SOCK



YOU'RE TRYING TO BEAT ME OUT OF THE OLD GOAT'S RANCH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! I'M AFTER THAT RANCH AND I AM TO GET IT EVEN IF I HAVE TO MARRY THET DAUGHTER OF HS TO DO SO!

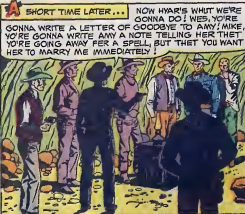
WHY, THET'S CLEM'S VOICE! I'M DEAD SHORE!

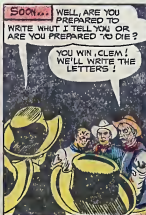
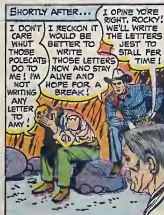
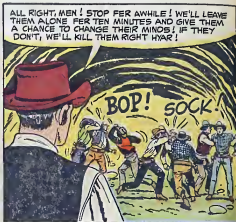
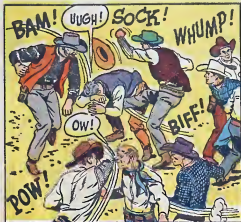


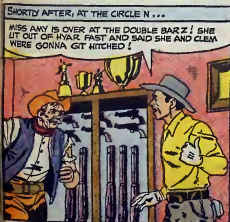
THET NO-GOOD, LOW-DOWN, ORNERY SIOEWINGER, WHERE IS HE? I'M GOING TO TALK TO HIM!

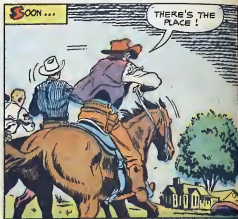
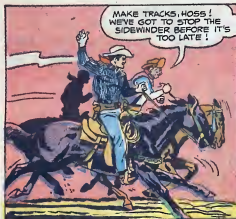
COME ON! THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT DOOR!













SAGE BRUSH

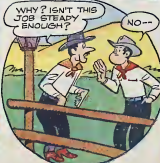
"NOT STEADY ENOUGH!"

THIS FINISHES MY FIRST WEEK ON THIS JOB--
AND IT'S MY LAST! I NEVER WORKED SO HARD
IN MY LIFE! THE BOSS KEPT ME HOPPING
FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT!



HI-YA, SAGE-
BRUSH, HYAR'S
YORE PAY
FOR THE
WEEKS WORK!

THANKS!
I'LL BE
SHOVING
OFF IN AN
HOUR! I'M
QUITTING!



gopher face

NOTHING TO
SNEEZE AT!

WHAT'S
THE MATTER
GOPHERFACE?
YUH LOOK
UPSET!



(SIGH) I AM! MY SIX
MONTHS OLD BABY
NEPHEW HAS A BIG
BUMP ON HIS HEAD!

TSK, TSK!
HOW DID IT
HAPPEN?

HE HIT HIS
HEAD ON THE
CEILING!



(GASP) WHAT? WAIT A SECOND,
GOPHERFACE! HOW COULD A SIX
MONTHS OLD BABY HIT HIS HEAD
ON THE CEILING?



WELL, YUH SEE, WHEN I GO
VISITING, I LIKE TO LIE ON
THE FLOOR AND LET THE BABY
SIT ON MY STOMACH! BUT THE
LAST TIME I DID IT...



...I SNEEZED!

(GASP) !!!



Trail Detective

(Continued from inside front cover)

the detective.

"You want to ride out to the scene of the latest crime and look for clues?"

"Nope!"

"Well, thunder, what are you going to do?"

"Im going to catch the crooks," said Red.

In the warden's office at Territory Prison, Red Maxwell chatted with Blinky Grey, one of the prisoners. "I put you in here, Blinky," said the detective, "and now I aim to take you out if you're sure you can go straight. The governor has agreed to parole you in my custody. Think you can turn honest?"

"I'll say I can!" exclaimed Blinky. "I never realized how much my freedom was worth until I got locked up!"

"And after I get you out, will you do a little job for me?"

"You bet I will. I'll do anything at all for you—as long as it's honest. What's the job?"

Red grinned and his eyes twinkled. "I want you to do the same thing you got sent up for!"

Blinky's jaw dropped and he looked absolutely stunned.

One flickering candle cast a pale light on the faces of the three men grouped around the table in the little back room of the saloon. A fourth man entered furtively and whispered, "There's twenty thousand dollars in greenbacks going to Arrowhead tomorrow! You boys know what to do about it!"

"I think we ought to lay off," grumbled one of the others. "I don't like the idea of tangling with that Red Maxwell."

"You won't have to worry about him," was the response. "He won't even be in town."

"You sure?"

"Yes. The governor called him to the capitol

on some business or other. That's a real break for us!"

The holdup went off on schedule and the three masked bandits made a clean getaway with the chest of greenbacks.

A day later, Red Maxwell was seen loitering in the bank, grinning as if he hadn't a care in the world. Some of the townsfolk began talking about this behind their hands.

"How'd he ever get *his* reputation?"

"I hear the Colonel is paying him a fat fee but the holdups go on just the same!"

"He ought to be out looking for the owlhoots instead of lolling around here!"

Presently Ben Snavelly entered the bank. He nodded to Red, then walked up to the teller's window. The teller raised his voice as he said, "Just a minute, Mr. Snavelly." That was the signal for Red to move. In four strides he was at Ben Snavelly's side and his Colt .45 was nudging the secretary's ribs.

His eyes made silent inquiry of the teller who responded, "Yes, it's counterfeit money, right enough. Pretty good job though. I might not have spotted it if I hadn't been on the lookout."

"Your game's up, Snavelly," said Red. "Let's you and me take a little walk down to the jailhouse. You see, I had an old acquaintance of mine make up that batch of counterfeit greenbacks just for the stage run. It just about proves you're the man who's been tipping off the bandits!"

LATER, after all the crooks had been tracked down and brought to justice, Red went to jail to see Snavelly. "That was wise of you to make out a full confession and turn your pards in," he said. "I'll see what I can do about getting you a lighter sentence. And don't worry about your old job. I think Blinky Grey will make an excellent secretary to Colonel Sherman!"

THE END

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